

## Reaching Sanctuary

by WinglessDreams

Category: HakuÅ•ki/è-„æ;æé¬¼

Language: English

Characters: Saito H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-10-30 16:06:59

Updated: 2011-10-30 16:06:59

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:20:10

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,331

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: From that moment, he was Yamaguchi Hajime no more. No, he would be Saito Hajime. He was a new person. He had no ties to anyone and no one had any ties to him. He would erase that part of him and bury it without regrets. So how had he come to be with them?

## Reaching Sanctuary

**\*\*Hakuouki \*\***

**\*\*Reaching Sanctuary\*\***

\_Blood\_

His fingers were coated in warm, crimson liquid.

\_Blood\_

His breathing hitched as he finally realized what had happened.

\_Blood\_

His hands trembled, for the first time in years.

\_Blood\_

He knew what he was. He knew what he had done.

\_Blood\_

There was no going back.

He let out a strangled gasp, hands closing firmly around the hilt of his blade "her blade" and pulled it out of the man's body. The man was long dead and collapsed to the ground like a marionette with

its strings cut. He slowly reached down and grabbed the sash of the man, using it to clean off his blade "her blade" and wipe his hands. The two hands still smelt like blood.

He couldn't go back.

How could he?

How could he meet her eyes when he had done such a terrible thing?

A stray tear fell from the corner of his eyes.

He could hear people approaching. Once they had found the man, they would come after him like hounds. He had to leave.

Yamaguchi Hajime sheathed his blade "her blade" and departed the scene with haste.

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

The news had spread quickly. It wouldn't be long before they traced the murder back to him. He had to leave, leave far away and never come back. At least, until the incident had been forgotten. With a heavy heart, he slipped the pouch of what little money he had saved up into his bag and slung the bag over his shoulder.

He casted one last glance around his room "not his anymore" and gave a small sigh. He would surely receive retribution for what he had done "for what he had done to the man and to his family as well. His family "she" would hate him for disgracing their family name and resent him, but this was what had to be done.

He picked up the sword that had been laid on his table "not his anymore" and secured it at his waist. He couldn't give it back to her, not after what he had done "murder" and he couldn't part with it either. He was going to carry the blade on forever. He was going to carry the sin of his deeds "murder" forever and whenever he drew his blade "he didn't want to draw it again" he would remember the weight of his sins. Forever.

He deliberated leaving the letter on the table. He needed to explain what had happened. At least, to his family "to her. "

His hands slowly lowered the letter onto the table. And he promptly snatched it back up.

He couldn't let her know his sins.

He clenched the letter into a ball and left the room quickly.

There was no place for him in that family anymore.

He glanced at that room "her room" as he approached the wall. This might be the last time he ever saw her again "Please turn and open your door. Please look out "but he hoped that she was still asleep. He didn't want anyone "her" to see this terrible side of him. He forced himself to look away and swiftly climbed over the wall.

From that moment, he was Yamaguchi Hajime no more.

No, he would be Saito Hajime, a swordsman. He was a new person. He had no ties to anyone "her" \_and no one had any ties to him. He would erase that part of him.

He let tears fall from his eyes one last time before wiping them away, sealing the last traces of the man he was.

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

A woman opened her eyes, hearing the slight movement of cloth outside her door.

\_Hajime\_

She sat up, letting long dark blue hair tumble over her shoulder messily.

\_Hajime\_

She heard him vault over the wall. His footsteps grew distant.

\_Hajime\_

She flung the covers away, standing up and sliding her door open. There was no one in sight. Biting her lips, she padded onto the garden, walking up to the wall.

\_Hajime\_

He had left without a word. A clean break.

She let out a sigh, turning around and leaning against the cool plaster. Something on the ground caught her eye and she bent down, retrieving a scrunched up envelope. Under the pale moonlight, she made out the man's calligraphy on the cover of the envelope. She grasped the paper tightly, letting a tear fall.

"Foolish Hajime-kun"

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

He had wandered for months. He had long lost track of the days and the months, simply opting to observe the leaves for any change in seasons. He knew that once it reached autumn, he would have to search for a place to settle down for the winter. As well trained as he was, he knew that there was no way he was going to survive the winter without a roof over his head. And he never dealt well with the cold.

And now, he was in a tea house somewhere off Kyoto, sipping tea with his meager amounts of money. He had performed odd jobs here and there for food and shelter. He occasionally received money as compensation and had used it to supply those days when help was not needed from him. The people had been on edge lately and he had heard from the grapevine that there were apparently uprisings here and there. The last he had heard of, there had been one in Edo.

His hand subconsciously touched his white scarf before ripping itself

away. His hands were still bloodied. He had no right to touch something so pure " something that she had given to him " with something so dirty. The sword still rested on his waist and he had not taken it off ever since he had left the house. The weight on his waist was constantly there, constantly reminding him. He had drawn it from time to time to polish the blade for the sword was too precious a thing to let to waste by lack of care, yet he had never allowed it to rest in his left hand. Never.

A commotion at the entrance caught his attention. He inwardly scolded himself for his lack of attention. A demonstration was happening outside the tea house and the tension was escalating. He quickly stood, tossing several coins on the table and carefully making his way through the back door.

"The best way to win a fight, Hajime-kun, is to avoid getting into one in the first place."

He would not get into a fight. He would not draw his sword. If he did, then it would surely be to kill.

And that would mean even more blood on his hands.

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

He originally did not wish to cross Mibu. For one, they had a pack of samurai " if they could even be called samurai for their reputation was atrocious " and thus the risk of conflict was significantly higher. Not many people carried swords these days and they could either mistake him for the opposite team or try to recruit him. Either way which would result in him drawing his sword.

But the other route around Mibu had been cut off and any other alternate route would simply take too long. Winter was fast approaching and he needed to get to a village before the cold descended. Mibu was the only way.

He drew his old cloak around himself to cover up the sword fastened at his waist and picked up speed. If he was lucky, he could find lodgings for the night and be out of the place by dawn. Minimal exposure.

"Heh, so who's this pretty boy wandering around the streets, huh?"

He stiffened.

"Oh, looks like he heard us."

Two thugs came around from behind him. Unshaven, shaggy hair hung from their faces " a direct contrast with his well kept appearance despite being on the road often. He spotted the short knives on their sashes quickly and kept an eye on them.

"|Yes?"

"Hah, he speaks!" One of the thugs snorted. His hair was pulled into a messy ponytail at the top of his head. He decided to call him Ponytail. Or Pony.

The other one chortled. He had a potbelly and his sash was stretched tight around the curve, ends barely tying. Potbelly would do for him. Or Pot.

Pony drew his knife and tapped it against his thigh. His eyebrows twitched despite his effort at keeping a straight face. Had he been in a foul temper that day, he could have easily used the movement to ram the knife into his bone. The man obviously had no training in weapons. But it wasn't his skill that particularly worried him. It was the tendency for them to act rashly. He had no idea what to expect from these men. They surely wouldn't follow the Bushido, for one.

"Look, pretty face, all we want is your money," Pot sneered, drawing his own knife. "Do as we ask and maybe this knife wouldn't find its way in your throat. Your choice."

Ah, these kind. He had met a few before. Needless to say he didn't draw his sword. And he kept his money too.

"Please excuse me," He stepped to the side and swerved around just in time to avoid Pony stabbing him in the side. Pony stumbled gracelessly on the path and he stuck out a foot to catch his leg, sending the thug sprawling over the ground. Pot swung the knife wildly at him, charging toward him from behind. He grabbed the thug's hand before it had even come close and snatched the knife out of his hand, ramming the hilt into the man's jaw and knocking him unconscious.

He dropped the knife immediately, noting that it was in his left hand. He kicked it into the gutter smoothly, drawing his cloak around him tightly and continuing on his path. At this rate, the lodgings would be closed by the time he had even found one.

"Hold it right there, kid."

He stiffened again. The aura he was sensing was different from the two thugs. It was more refined. And many times more deadly. It was masking the strong killer intent that was bubbling beneath the man's skin and he felt his hair raise.

The only time he had experienced such a strong aura was-

He turned around to meet the cold gaze of the man. He was dressed in a light blue haori with white diamond patterns at the edges. He instinctively knew who this was. A Miburo. One of the Wolves of Mibu.

The man was a whole head taller than him with dark hair tied up into a high ponytail. A sword was at his waist and the man looked prepared to draw it. He tensed slightly, resting his hand on the hilt of his sword. There was no knowing what could happen.

"I saw what happened there. You're quite the fighter," the man commented.

"Hn"

"I was wondering if you would join the Miburo," he went on to suggest. He knew that it wasn't an invitation. It was an order.

"No thank you," He replied quickly and quietly. He didn't dare turn away. The man was likely to be a skilled swordsman.

The man gave a small smirk. "What, scared that you won't be able to catch up to the others? We do teach you how to fight, you know. With a sword, too."

He resisted the urge to smirk. Them, teach him? He was more proud of his swordsmanship than anyone "

The weight of the sword on his waist multiplied. No, he wasn't a good swordsman. Someone that was good wouldn't accidentally kill off a person. He didn't deserve to be called a good swordsman.

"Your moves look refined. I'm guessing that you have some experience in fighting. So, why not?"

If he joined them, then he would be nothing more than a murderer too.

"|No thank you."

"Hey." The man came right up to him, stopping him from backing away by holding him by the shoulder. He tensed at the touch. No one had touched him for a long while. The man sighed, blowing a few stray strands of hair out of his face. "Look, I don't want to force you, but you got some talent, you know? Why not just try it out? For a few days?"

And he would then be sucked into the deep pits of the Miburo?

"Besides, you need a place to stay, right? It's already past midnight," The man pointed at the sky.

He cursed on the inside. There was no way he was going to get a place to stay.

"|Very well."

The man grinned. "Knew you'd say that. I'm Hiijikata. What's your name?"

"Ya-" He quickly cut himself halfway.

Hiijikata gave him a curious glance.

"Saito. It's Saito."

"Right. This way, Saito-san."

He followed the man back to the Miburo headquarters.

But really? A Miburo? What was he thinking?

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

He awoke the next day before dawn had broken. Getting up quickly, he rolled up the futon and returned it to the cupboard at the corner of

the room. His sword had been resting beside him, under the covers.

He shrugged his cloak back on, winding the scarf around his neck. That night had been the first time he had taken the sword off. His hands rested on the sword for a moment before deciding against carrying it with him. Sighing softly, he tied his hair into the low ponytail, letting the long hair fall over his right shoulder.

"Oi, are you awake already?"

The Miburo from last night.

"Yes," He replied, sliding open the door.

The man gave a nod at him. "Breakfast will only be served after dawn. We still haveâ€¦ say, two more hours. Let me show you around."

He nodded, following the man around the place. The entire headquarters was bigger than he had expected. He absentmindedly listened to the Miburo on how their faction had been started by their commander named Kondo. To think the Miburo had originated from a local dojoâ€¦ but he had been taught by a local dojo and he had turned out to beâ€¦

"You have a sword, don't you?"

He looked up sharply.

Hiijikata nodded at his waist. "Last night, you had it on your right side. Do you know how to wear a sword?"

"â€¦" He looked away pointedly.

"The streets are tough. It would do you some good to learn some skills. Here-" Hiijikata passed him a wooden sword. He caught it, purposely on the blade part of the sword. He saw how Hiijikata made a small look of disappointment and grabbed his own training sword.

"Thisâ€¦"

"It's a training sword. Don't worry. Come at me," He raised his sword into a defensive stance. He instantly noted the style that Hiijikata used. He was no fluke.

He grasped the sword in his right hand, raising it up slowly in an attempt to copy the man opposite him. Hiijikata gave him a smirk and motioned for him to attack.

He took a step forward and swung the sword down. Hiijikata blocked it instantly, parrying it. He quickly took a step back. The man had been holding back, but his reflexes still shocked him. There had been no one at his village who possessed such reflexes exceptâ€¦

"You're quite fast. It's a bit sloppy, but considering that you only just picked it upâ€¦" Hiijikata raised his sword. "Block this!"

The strike came quickly. Reflexes kicked in and he swung the sword up to block it midway. He knew it was sloppy, but he had only trained

with a left handed style and his right hand was underdeveloped. It should be enough to fluke the man into thinking he was a beginner in kenjutsu.

"Good," Hiijikata complimented.

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. A bit more work and you can be on the battlefield right away," He said, putting the sword away. He passed the wooden sword back, glad to be rid of the item.

"I see."

"Are you sure this is the first time you've used a sword?"

He fingered the hilt of the sword on his waist.

"Yes."

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

Hiijikata had taken him out with a small group of their mismatched samurai onto the streets of Mibu to show him what they did. They patrolled the streets, eliminating any thugs or ronin that were terrorizing the people. They were supporters of the emperor and sought to eliminate the uprisings. It didn't seem like that bad of a motive.

Until in practice, of course.

"The Miburo has had a pretty bad reputation the past few years," Hiijikata commented. "We are a band of ronin, so our values are mixed. Nevertheless, we have dealt with those who had practiced deeds outside of our moral compass. It would take time to regain the respect but"

He nodded.

"They say dealing with violence is-

A loud crash interrupted their conversation. A teahouse not far ahead was raising a commotion. Hiijikata quickly lead the group over to the teahouse. He followed them hesitantly, not wanting to get into the middle of the mess. Hiijikata took charge of the situation and a heated verbal battle began. He tensed, keeping himself a distance away and resting a hand on the hilt of his sword. It didn't look like it was going to resolve itself peacefully.

A crowd of thugs stormed out of the teahouse, flipping chairs and tables onto the pavement. Hiijikata said something quietly and the leader of the thugs spat at his feet. He could see the shoulders of the man tensing, ready to attack at anytime. The leader flicked his wrist and the thugs charged at the Miburo.

From that moment, it was a losing battle for the thugs. But they didn't seem to want to go down without making a point. While Hiijikata and his group was fighting the thugs and completely massacring them a small bunch broke off and attacked the servers



at the teahouse.

"\_You know, I really hope that these hands would be able to do good for the world one day, Hajime-kun."\_

Without hesitation, he drew his sword and charged at them. His killer intent rose from months of suppression and with three clean strokes, he had incapacitated the three thugs that had attacked the servers. He absently noted the blood running down his cheek as well as the spots of blood on his scarf before turning and moving onto the next one.

The battle was over in a matter of minutes.

And only then did he comprehend what exactly had happened.

He reached up to his scarf, hands trembling as he pulled it down slightly to examine the damage. The blood had soaked the ends of the scarf with the metallic liquid it was flecked with tiny spots of blood. The sword in his hand was held limply, the end dripping with blood. He was standing in the middle of a group of corpses.

\_Blood\_

He had returned to what he had been trying to avoid all along

"Saito."

He turned, coldly meeting Hiijikata's eyes. The man had seemed shocked. Maybe one would be, after seeing a man who had supposedly no experience in a sword butcher several men in clean swipes.

"â€|Come over here."

He quietly complied.

Hiijikata raised a hand and for a moment, Saito thought that he was going to execute him. Instead, to his surprise, Hiijikata and rubbed off a trail of blood on the man's cheek.

"Let's go back," He said quietly.

He nodded mutely.

Hiijikata gave quick instructions to the rest of the group and lead him back to the headquarters.

"You surprised me there."

\_Surprised him by turning out to be cold blooded killer.\_

"I thought you had some experience in fighting butâ€| Why were you hiding such exceptional skills?"

\_So that I wouldn't have to kill.\_

"The Miburo would be happy to have you."

\_To become a killing machine.\_

"You know?" Hiijikata stopped outside the headquarters. He paused as well, looking up at the man. "You saved a few lives today. Good job."

"You know, I really hope that these hands would be able to do good for the world one day, Hajime-kun." \_

He grasped the hilt of the sword, closing his eyes. A deep heat prickled his eyes.

"I'm sorry?"

Hiijikata gave him a pat on the back.

"Idiot. Why are you apologizing?"

\_I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry.\_

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

He had changed out of his bloodied clothes. Hiijikata had ensured him that his clothes would come back clean and he reluctantly parted with his white scarf.

They were in the dojo now. He had been introduced to the man named Kondo, and he was impressed with the intensity of the man's gaze. He was a formidable man.

"So, Saito-san, Toshi here tells me that you're good with the way of the sword."

He raised an eyebrow. Hiijikata gave a small flush.

"Hiijikata-san?" has?"

"Indeed. You took down more men than our men who have been training for months. Have you been previously taught?" Hiijikata asked.

He glanced down at the sword beside him.

"A bit."

"So why didn't you want to tell me that you could use a sword? When we exchanged blows, I really thought that you had no skill."

He picked up his sword. It had never felt so heavy in his life. Slowly, he drew it, looking at the reflection of his eyes on the blade.

"Ah?" I see."

"What is it, Toshi?" Kondo asked.

"When we exchanged blows, you were using your right hand. I haven't noticed it till now but?" you're a left hander, aren't you?"

He nodded. "Doesn't that repel you?"

Kondo gave a barking laugh. "Being right handed or left handed doesn't matter. What matters in the end is whether you can be the one standing after a battle. You are good, no?"

"Mildly." He responded.

"Then we would be more than happy to have you with us."

He remained silent.

"Is something wrong?" Kondo asked.

"I didn't want to kill again," He admitted quietly.

The three men sat in silence.

"Well, that's stupid." Hiijikata said after a moment. He looked up sharply at the man.

"Toshi-"

"Let me speak first, Kondo-san. Look here, kid, if you didn't want to kill, why were you carrying a sword in the first place? Don't you know? A sword is meant for killing. You draw your sword to kill, or you will be killed instead. Do you even understand that?"

"Toshi. That's enough," Kondo reprimanded sharply.

He bent his head low. He knew, of course, from the start that a sword was meant to kill. She had explained to it him from the start. The burdens of being a swordsman. He had chosen to walk down this path and now he was rejecting everything that he was. He had every right to be reprimanded.

"You mentioned that you didn't want to kill again? Have you killed before?" Kondo asked kindly.

The man was too kind for his own good. That would kill him one day.

"Yes. A hatamoto back in my village," He admitted.

"A hatamoto! You must have quite a bit of skill," Kondo commented, obviously impressed.

"So why did you kill him?"

He suppressed a wince. Why was it that he always managed to get straight to the point? But then again, maybe that was the kind of man Hiijikata was.

" "

"Something that you can't tell?" Hiijikata questioned.

He looked down.

"That's alright. We all have our pasts-" Kondo started.

"-my sister."

"What? Could you repeat that?" Hiijikata asked.

Just like that, he spent the next hour recounting his life story to the two men who he had known for only a day.

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

"I'm glad you agreed to join us, Saito-kun." Kondo commented as he walked him down the hall to his new room.

"Aah."

"I'm sure you'll find it satisfactory here. We're sort of like a family."

\_Family.\_

"I see"

Kondo slid the door open and called, "Souji! You have a roommate!"

"Eeh? Why me?"

He peered into the room to see a man sitting on a messy futon, reading what appeared to be a novel. His messy brown hair was tied in a way that reminded him of the Commander. His clothes, on the other hand, was a world apart from the neat man.

"Kondo-san, you sure this isn't a girl?"

His let a small growl of disapproval escape his throat. Unintentionally.

The man gave him a bright grin. "I'm Okita Souji! Nice 'ta meet 'cha!"

He nodded at the man. "Saito. Saito Hajime."

"Saito, huh? Nah, I'll just call you Hajime-kun!"

\_Hajime-kun!\_

Family

He let a small smile touch his lips.

Perhaps just this once, he would let himself relax.

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

"\_You don't have to torture yourself like this.\_"

\_He shook his head. "I killed.\_"

"\_And you think we all haven't? You think that hatamoto didn't?"

Killing comes part and parcel of swordsmanship. In this day and age, you don't learn kenjutsu just for fun. You learn to kill." Hiijikata drew his sword. "My sword has been drenched with the blood of countless menâ€¦ so many that I can't even count all of them anymore."\_

"\_That would be losing touch of our humanity."\_

"\_You're wrong." Hiijikata shook his head. "It seems like you haven't gotten the lesson yet. Saito, why did you draw your sword today?"\_

"â€¦\_The womenâ€¦"\_

"\_Yes. You drew to save lives. You killed to save people from being killed. Had you stood by and allowed the men to kill those people, you would have been no different from them all. You did good by killing."\_

"â€¦\_What an oxymoron."\_

\_Hiijikata gave a humorless grin. "That's what we are."\_

\_He gave a weak nod.\_

"\_But remember this. If you allow the weight of what you have done get to you, you will collapse from it all sooner or later. If you let the sin of sitting and watching get to you, you will eventually die from regret. There may be no justice in what we are doing, except from the fact that we are doing it to fulfill our own moral, our own Bushido."\_

"You know, I really hope that these hands would be able to do good for the world one day, Hajime-kun."

"â€¦\_You thinkâ€¦ I can really let go of all that?"\_

"\_It never goes away. Not completely. Even now."\_

\_The man's voice seemed so weary. He knew what he was going through. For a moment, warmth touched his heart. \_

"\_Butâ€¦ rather than falling over, I chose to move on. I'm going to hell anyways."\_

\_The words resounded in his head over and over again.\_

\_It made sense. He had chosen to abandon the past self. Why hadn't he let go of the past sins as well? Why had he clung to the sins of his past so tightly as though it was his lifeline? He had long given up returning as Yamaguchi Hajime. \_

\_He let a small chuckle escape his lips.\_

\_Looking up at the man, his deep blue eyes regained some of the warmth that had been there, a long, long time ago. Hiijikata looked surprised at the change in his eyes.\_

"\_Think I could stay here?"\_

\_The man smiled.\_

"\_Of course. Let me reintroduce myself. I'm Hiijikata Toshizo, a member of the Miburo."\_

"\_Saito Hajime, ronin. A Miburo nowâ€¦ I suppose?"\_

"\_Heh. You know what they say about us Miburo?"\_

\_He was genuinely curious.\_

"\_Once a Miburo, always a Miburo. Welcome to the family, Saito."\_

\_He smiled.\_

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

He went through his kata slowly, feeling his muscles tense at every precise strike and swing. Every move was executed with deadly precision, deadly accuracy, and when put into actual combat, would severe the opponent's life in a mere strike.

"That's one good kata. Who taught it to you?"

Saito lowered his sword and turned to the man sitting on the platform. "Okita-san."

He grinned. "I heard you were promoted. Captain of the Third Squad, huh?"

"Indeed," He sheathed his sword. He had replaced the sword he had previously carried around for one that Hiijikata had ordered for him. Left handed swords were hard to come by, and he was touched by the man's actions. And since then, the sword in his hands didn't feel as though they were made of lead.

"So, your kata?"

"Someoneâ€¦ very dear to meâ€¦ taught me the way of the sword. I've learnt from this person since I was five."

"Five? Wow." Okita leant back and folded his arms. "I started only when I was 10. I was brought to Kondo-san's dojo and everything I've learnt till date was from him. That was how I became part of the Shinsengumi, by the way."

"I see," He murmured back, brushing his long hair away from his sweaty neck. What would she think of him right now, living as a man who killed on a regular basis?

Okita stood. "Breakfast will be served soon. It's Heisuke who's on kitchen duty today, so be careful with what you eat."

He nodded in gratitude, adjusting his gi and wiping off the sweat from his face.

"And Hajime-kun?"

\_Hajime-kun\_

He looked up.

"I'm glad you're with us," Okita gave a cheeky grin and dashed off.

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

\_Even if you're far away, the wind and rain of time won't do anything to wash away this bond we have. \_

\_That's what I still believe.\_

\_And I hope that wherever you are, you are still holding my place in your heart.\_

\_I won't forget.\_

\_And I do believe that we will meet again.\_

\_To my dearestâ€|\_

\_Fromâ€|\_

**\*\*XxxX\*\***

**\*\*This was just an idea that I toggled with for the past few months. I found it increasingly depressing when little of Saito's back story was given, as was with for any other characterâ€| I tried to incorporate what little knowledge I had about Saito to generate this story as well as fit it into what little I know about Japanese history in the Edo period. Did I make a few mistakes here and there? If I did, I would appreciate it if you could PM me the factual errors.\*\***

**\*\*This is my interpretation of Saito and really just what I envisioned him to be before he became part of the Shinsengumi. Like what the title suggests, I wanted to show the transition from him leaving his hometown to eventually becoming who he was in the series. There are a few loose ends, such as the **\*\*\_she\_\*\*** I kept referring to in the earlier part and what exactly happened with the hatamoto, but I wanted to leave it up to you all to decide. I think I left enough clues for you to figure out what had happened though.\*\***

**\*\*Thanks for reading!\*\***

**\*\*Glossary:\*\***

**\*\*Hatamoto: \*\***A samurai in the direct service of the Tokugawa shogunate of feudal Japan \_(This is in canonâ€| or history. Yamaguchi Hajime did kill a hatamoto. At least, from what I've read.)\_

**\*\*Miburo: \*\***The Shinsengumi members were originally also known as the MiburÅ•, meaning "ronin of Mibu", Mibu being the suburb of central Kyoto where they were stationed. However, the reputation of the Shinsengumi became tarnished quite early on, and their nickname soon changed to "Wolves of Mibu"

End  
file.